

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 3, NO. 35

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1905

\$2.00 PER YEAR

BILLY BUSTER

Has come to Town!

HE IS A FRIEND OF THE BOYS!

Billy has Brass Eyes and a Steel Bottom, that never wears out.

Call at

Carlyon's,
If you wish to see Billy.

U. S. MAIL STEAMER

Clatawa

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight, will leave

→ WRANGELL ←

For Woodsky and west coast Prince
of Wales Points

Close connection with Steamer "Spray" for Copper Mountain,
Sulzer and all points on the lower end of the Island,

Monday of each week at 6 A. M.

For particulars, call on

CYRUS F. ORR Master



ALASKA SENTINEL.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

Entered November 20, 1902, at Wrangell, Alaska, as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates.—

One Year—In Advance	\$2.00
Six Months "	1.25
Three Months "	.75

Advertising Rate.—

Professional Cards per Month	\$1.00
Display, per inch per month	.50
Locals, per Line	10

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Calls attended, Day or Night.
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Edwad Ludecke,
General Repairer of
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All work left with me will be
Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.

Shop in Cage building, next
door to Sinclair's store.

Wrangell, Alaska.

Estate of Thomas Wilson.

Estate of Rufus Sylvester.

**Willson & Sylvester
ESTATE.**

C. E. DAVIDSON, - - - Receiver.

Manufacturers of

Rough and Lumber, Mouldings and Sun
Dressed Dried Salmon Boxes

Dealers in

Croceries and Provisions, Hardware and
Loggers' Supplies, Cement, Lime, Iron Pipe, Fit-
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Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL ALASKA.

A man's first attack of love seldom lasts long, but he remembers it all his days.

It looks as though the Czar made his first attempt at suicide when he decided to go to war with Japan.

Mr. Carnegie's determination to give money only to small colleges will naturally make the big colleges feel small.

An Oxford professor—Oxford, mind you—says 50 per cent of the people of England are merely bleached negroes. Wow! And likewise goes!

There is something highly amusing in the Duke of Manchester, who captured an American heiress, decrying the American race for wealth.

It's a case of mutual admiration between Ida M. Tarbell and the people of Kansas. They have at least one trait in common—they do things.

To a man who is accustomed to defending himself it seems strange that John D. Rockefeller usually deputizes a lawyer to formulate his replies.

A French scientist has figured out that the human beings of the future will be legless. Cheer up! This means, among other things, that there will be no musical comedy in the future.

Husbands who are brave enough will repeat to their wives the opinion of Mrs. Cradle, the writer, who says that woman is unfair and unjust by nature and was never intended to govern man.

"Every religious body in the United States was represented in the Rough Riders ranks," says the President. The regiment's record, however, was not made on the strength of its ploy.

If Uncle Russell Sage is worth only \$25,000,000 many of the uncharitable things that have been said about him will have to be taken back. Everybody supposed he was in comfortable circumstances.

The banker who steals money—or does a banker always embezzle?—to give to the Wall street sharks is if anything a shade easier than the banker who loans to a woman who can offer no tangible collateral.

Dewey's birthplace, which was valued at \$10,000 a few years ago, is now regarded as being worth less than the mortgage of \$2,500 that somebody has on it. The public can lose a lot of interest in a hero in the course of six or seven years.

So far, the men who expectorate upon the sidewalks have been solely to blame for the spread of disease from that source. But here comes a Washington bacteriologist who would fix at least a part of the blame upon the women who wear long skirts.

A contemporary says of Marshal Ogawa that if his equal exists anywhere in the world no one is aware of his presence. Ignorance of the coming military man has been not infrequently noted in the world's history. How many individuals outside the Prussian general staff had heard of Moltke before 1860? How many Americans on Jan. 1, 1861, had ever heard of U. S. Grant, formerly a captain in the regular army, of William T. Sherman or Phillip H. Sheridan. The coming military man may to-day be quietly carrying on regimental duties or hidden from the world in some staff department. He may be German or French or American, and it is safe to say that he will be a surprise wherever he appears.

The perennial seeker of exercise and the procrastinator who is always going to begin next week would find relief in a bit of advice which would have for a major premise the fact that the mighty muscles of the professional strong man are not only unnecessary to the man whose occupation requires no high degree of muscular development and for a minor premise the other fact that to such a man such a development is absolutely injurious. The training habit, once acquired, is hard to break. If broken it is found that the exercise which piled up muscle has so added to the capacity and demands of the stomach that visceral degeneracy is a good deal worse than muscular degeneracy. "Moderate exercise" is the thing the physicians prescribe. But neither physician nor strong man nor physical culturist has yet told us what moderate exercise is.

The irresistibility of coquettishness has again been brought prominently before the public by the success of James Hever in segregating the affections of Nancy Carnegie. Of course, as Andrew Carnegie remarks, a gool coachman is a better match than "a worthless duke." But so is a gool butler. Why is it that women of fortune discriminate against the butler? Why do they discriminate against the funkey? Why is it that time after time, as the files of the newspapers demonstrate, they turn aside from the funkey and the butler and pour out their souls at the feet of the man who drives the horses? Perhaps the horses furnish the explanation. Horses are noble animals. All persons who are associated with them share in their nobility. The medieval squire used often to find favor with his master's daughter. He might have had a harder time of it, if instead of being a manager of fiery steeds he had been assigned to the passing of plates or to the announcing of guests. Jehu is one of the most popular of Biblical characters. He drove like nothing in heaven or in earth, but much like something below the earth. Consequently he has been held in high esteem and has immortalized not only himself but his father. Everybody knows and loves Jehu, the son of Nimshi. He would be a vain person who would attempt to prescribe rules or explanations for the striking of lightning or for the striking of love, but the enviable record of coquettishness in the matter of required affections is such as to justify at least the guess that his majesty, the horse, has something to do with the case.

The United States of America is a great magnet. It draws to itself by the moral power of attractiveness all the ambitious and enterprising of all the world. It does not invite immigration as do many countries of the newer world. It no longer holds out the promise of cheap lands or unusual opportunity. Nevertheless the hosts of Europe come. Canada has millions of acres of cheap arable lands. And Canada makes every effort to attract settlers. She offers free homesteads and extraordinary facilities. But the people of Europe are not attracted. As many as one-eighth of Canada's present population come to the United States every year. Other countries have cheap lands—the South American States, Australia and New Zealand. The latter country ought to be very attractive to the wage worker. But the people of the crowded East do not go to these countries in large numbers. What is the magnetic influence that pulls the foreigner to our shores? First, perhaps, is the desire to get away from class restrictions—the desire of men and women to be free. The great republic offers them liberty of speech and action. Second, we are a big success in this country. Despite its weaknesses and failures Washington's republic is the biggest successful enterprise in the world. It is wealthy, powerful. Big, successful things attract. So that when men and women aspire for better conditions they aspire in this direction. They believe they have a chance to make more of themselves, and of their children, here than elsewhere. The moral attractive force of the republic is like that peculiar form of polarity in the lodestone that exerts magnetic influence.

Chinese Pity Sea Turtle.

A self-constituted Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals created a temporary excitement in what otherwise would have been a quiet morning along the water front. A native fisherman caught a splendid specimen of a sea turtle at Pearl Harbor and brought it to town. It was one of the biggest things of its kind ever seen in Honolulu. The Hawaiian was immediately surrounded by a crowd of water front habitues, including Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian stevedores, deep-sea and coasting sailors, a steamship company's president, numerous custom house brokers and what not besides. The native wanted to make his way with his turtle to some local hotel, but the Chinese entered a strong objection to the proposed transformation of the crustacean into steaks and soup. Then they and there formed a hub and made up the \$5 demanded by the fisherman for the turtle among themselves and acquired the animal.

Sea lawyers freely offered advice to the members of the hub, setting forth the pecuniary benefits which will be theirs by taking the turtle to the Waikiki aquarium or the Kaimuki zoo, but the Chinks would have none of it. Their sympathies for a suffering animal had been aroused and they were firm in their intention of giving it its liberty. They carried it to the Irmgard wharf in the presence of a large crowd and threw it in the harbor, where the turtle made a quick dive for the bottom.

It was a 250-pound animal, and Captain Larsen, of the Sailors' Union, and Frank Harvey shed tears of regret at the loss of such a toothsome morsel.—Honolulu Bulletin.

Circumstantial Evidence.

At a lawyer's dinner the subject of circumstantial evidence was discussed. One lawyer, says the New York Tribune, said that the best illustration of circumstantial evidence as proof was in a story he had recently heard.

A young and pretty girl had been out walking. On her return her mother said:

"Where have you been, my dear?"
"Only walking in the park," she replied.

"With whom?" pursued her mother.
"No one, mamma," said the young girl.

"No one?" her mother repeated.

"No one," was the reply.

"Then," said the older lady, "explain how it is that you have come home with a walking stick when you started with an umbrella."

It's a Hard World.

"My one and only suit," said the hard-luck philosopher, "failed to keep me warm during the winter and I suppose that through the approaching summer it will also fail to keep me cool. Such is life!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No Tolstoi Postal Cards.

Picture post cards are subjected to a stern censorship in some continental countries. In Russia those bearing the portraits of Tolstoi have been suppressed.

The only good time some women have is in telling their aches to the doctor.

OLD Favorites

Dublin Bay.
They sailed away in a gallant bark.
Roy Neal and his fair young bride;
They had ventured all in that bounding
ark.
That danced o'er the silv'ry tide;
But their hearts were young and spirits
light.
And they dashed the tears away
As they watched the shore recede from
sight.
Of their own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sailed when a storm
arose.

And the lightning swept the deep;

When the thunder crack broke the short
repose.

Of the weary sailor's sleep.

Roy Neal he clasped his weeping bride,

And he kissed the tears away.

"Oh, love, 'twas a fearful hour," he
cried.

"When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship
Some fell in their mute despair.

But some more calm, with a hoary lip,

Sought the God of storm in prayer.

"She has struck on a rock," the seamen
cried.

In the depth of their wild dismay;

And the ship went down with that fair
young bride.

That sailed from Dublin Bay.

—Mrs. Crawford.

The World Is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us; late and
soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers;

Little we see in nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sor-
did boon!

This sea that bares her bosom to the
moon;

The winds that will be howling at all
hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of
tune;

It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather
be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn.

So might I, standing on this pleasant
leisure,

Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;

Have sights of Proteus rising from the
sea,

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn!

—William Wordsworth.

At Parting.

Until we meet again! That is the mean-
ing

Of the familiar words that men repeat

At parting in the street.

Ah, yes, till then, but when death inter-
vening

Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless
pain

We wait for the again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the
sorrow

Of parting as we feel it who must stay.

Lamenting day by day,

And knowing, when we wake upon the
morrow,

We shall not find in its accustomed place

The one loved face.

—Longfellow.

TOWN PRAYS FOR GIRL BAND.

Five Norfolk Society Damsels Leave
Home to Go on Stage.

Three weeks ago Miss Tessie Dixon

was a demure young teacher in Nor-

folk's public schools, says a Norfolk

(Neb.) special to the St. Louis Post-

Dispatch. To-day, dressed in a flam-
ing suit of red, with big brass buttons,

she parades the streets of a southern

city, playing a long slide trombone

for life (and so much "per"), while

the Chinks would have none of it.

Their sympathies for a suffering ani-
mal had been aroused and they were

firm in their intention of giving it its

liberty. They carried it to the Irm-

gard wharf in the presence of a large

crowd and threw it in the harbor, where

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bottom.

It was a 250-pound animal, and Cap-

tain Larsen, of the Sailors' Union, and

Frank Harvey shed tears of regret at

the loss of such a toothsome morsel.—

Honolulu Bulletin.

Father of Pressed Steel.

The pressed steel industry, which is

one of the largest in the country to

day, was born in a little cooper shop

not far from St. John and Buttonwood

streets, in Philadelphia.

Charles J. Schoen, who is literally

the father of this business, was enga-

ged in Philadelphia following the

occupation of a cooper and presided

over a little plant at which he consti-

tuted the entire force of workmen.

While doing this he conceived the

idea of making a doorstop for railroad

cars, which at once forced itself into

popularity with car builders and was

generally adopted. It was an instant

success, for the reason that it was ex-

tremely simple and at the same time

effective, holding the door open by a

spring in the floor of the car.

The demand for these devices soon

outstripped the capacity of the little

cooper shop and in casting about for

some quicker means of making the

things the idea of pressing them out of

steel was hit upon. From this humble

beginning pressed steel was soon

found available for other purposes in

car building, and to-day the entire

freight car, including the wheels, is

made in this manner, no wood enter-

ing into the construction whatever.

Stickler for Promptness.

IN SEARCH OF LIVINGSTONE'S TREE

Mr. Weatherby, the explorer, has just returned from Africa, where he has been for eleven years, the only white man among hosts of blacks. In that long period he has had many thrilling adventures, says the London Daily News. He has succeeded in making corrections on the map of the interior of the Dark Continent and in discovering the spot where the heart of the great Livingstone was buried, the locality of which had been lost. He has been instrumental in raising a permanent memorial to the famous missionary, in place of the decayed tree which marked the site, and he has brought back to the British Museum that part of the tree which bore the original inscription, cut by the natives, who loved and mourned their white chief.

My object, says Mr. Weatherby, was to circumnavigate Bangweolo lake and to find the spot where Livingstone's heart was buried. Glave, the American who died while attempting to find the tree, was the last man who had any accurate idea where it was. I accomplished with tasks. Old Mshanta, the chief who helped me find the Livingstone tree, told me a strange story. He remembered Livingstone, who, he averred, was shot. Everybody, he said, knew that it was so.

One of my greatest friends was Mewenge, a chief, but it was some time before we understood each other. He had never seen white men, but had heard of them, and when I sent word I was coming, he grew much alarmed. When I went to his tent he rushed out, and seizing me by the arm, slashed his ax over my head into a tree behind me. The next minute he pulled up my shirt sleeve to see if my arm was white. That gave me time to tell him he might kill me if he wanted to, but that it would be more interesting not to.

I also had a "scary" greeting from Kasoma, much-dreaded chief. I set out by boat to visit him, with nine men. When we neared the village, and two thousand armed men rushed to the edge of the lake, I found we had left our rifles behind us. With my heart in my mouth, I jumped ashore alone. As I stood before the chief I could see his heart throb in his naked chest, and I knew he was in as bad a way as I myself.

"Good morning! How do you?" I shouted.

The chief gave a signal, and I put my hands in my pockets to meet the end calmly. The same moment the chief and every man clapped their hands in unison, knelt down and bowed their heads.

After all, a little bluff is a great help in dealing with natives. I stood once surrounded by four hundred men who had rifles, each waiting either for me to move or for his neighbor to begin the firing. I got one of the men to bring me the shot-cartridge, and, opening it, I sent the handful of shot to the chief, with the message that he would be more likely to hit me if he used that instead of a bullet. The joke set the whole lot laughing.

CLOVER ENRICHES A SOIL

When Plowed Under Green, It Is an Excellent Fertilizer.

A bulletin from the central experimental farm, Ottawa, Ont., contains a discussion of the profitability of growing and turning of clover crops. Extensive experiments in this line have been carried on at that farm for a period of over eight years, and the results gathered therefrom contain a considerable amount of practical information and data. The advantages derived from plowing under clover are briefly stated by the station as follows:

1. There is an enrichment of the soil by the addition of nitrogen obtained from the atmosphere.

2. There is an increase in the store of available mineral plant food, phosphoric acid, potash and lime in the surface of the soil taken by the clover in part from depths not reached by the shallower root systems of other farm crops.

3. There is a large addition of humus, whereby the soil is made more retentive of moisture, warmer and better aerated, conditions favorable to vigorous crop growth. Humus also furnishes the material best adapted for the development of these forms of germ life that act so beneficially in the soil.

4. As an agent for deepening and mellowing soils no crop gives such satisfactory results as clover.

5. Clover serves a useful purpose as a catch crop during the autumn months, when the ground would be otherwise bare, retaining fertilizing material brought down by the rain, and also that formed in the soil during the summer months, much of which would otherwise be lost through the leaching action of rains.

6. As shown conclusively by the particulars obtained by careful experiments over a number of years with the more important farm crops the plowing under of green clover has a most marked effect in increasing the soil's productivity.

Ad Libitum.

Thomas F. Somers loves to tell of his early experiences as a drummer. One night he had to stay over in a very small town in the far South; he confided to the woman who ran the hotel that he was very fond of buttermilk. At supper she brought in a huge jar of it, sat it on the table in front of him and said: "Go ahead and drink all you want to. We don't keep no pig."

MISS MARIA DUCHARME.
Every Woman in America Is Interested
in This Young Girl's Experience.



MISS MARIA DUCHARME,
182 St. Elizabeth St.,
Montreal, Can.

PELVIC CATARRH WAS DESTROYING HER LIFE--PERU-NA SAVED HER.

Miss Maria Ducharme, 182 St. Elizabeth street, Montreal, Can., writes:

"I am satisfied that thousands of women suffer because they do not realize how bad they really need treatment and feel a natural delicacy in consulting a physician.

"I felt badly for years, had terrible pains, and at times was unable to attend to my daily duties. I tried to cure myself, but finally my attention was called to an advertisement of Peru-na in a similar case to mine, and I decided to give it a trial.

"My improvement began as soon as I started to use Peru-na and soon I was a well woman. I feel that I owe my life and my health to your wonderful medicine and gratefully acknowledge this fact."—Maria Ducharme.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

Rev. Dr. Thirdly—Don't you know, little boy, that you shouldn't fish on the Sabbath day? Tommy Toddy—I ain't a-fishin', boss; I'm jus' teachin' worms how ter swim.—Chicago Chronicle.

"I see it stated here that the Sultan wears an iron undershirt." "Say, I wish I had one like it to send to my laundry. I'd like to get even with 'em once in a while."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hester—I hear that Bessie's engagement with Fred Simmons is broken off. Too bad, isn't it? Grace—But she's going to keep the diamond ring. Hester—Oh, I didn't hear of that—

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

The Day's Need.—The day's need is that a man should think for himself, decide for himself, and greater than all, be himself.—Rev. H. F. Rail, Methodist Baltimore Md.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Plain Grubbing.—How do you account for Hustler's abounding success?

"That's easy; he never had the advantages of the ordinary boy."—Lillian State Journal.

A certain man was flirting with a certain girl. "Don't hold her hand," a friend advised him; "she'll tell."

Khaki-Khaki

We have in stock a fine lot of government uniforms and garments which we are selling for \$2.00 a pair. The article you want for hunting, mining, fishing, camping, prospectors, ranchers and lumbermen.

W. S. Kirk, 1209 1st Ave., Seattle.

We have a large list of implements of agriculture and farm tools on small payment; long time on balance. Tell us when you want to locate.

E. C. BYERS & CO., 327 Arcadia Blvd., Seattle, Wash.

Boys! Wake Up!

You can make from \$15 to \$25 weekly at the barber's trade in the cities. Write for our proposition at once and let us help you out of the rut.

SEATTLE BARBER COLLEGE, 121 Washington St., Seattle, Wash.

SPECIAL FOR TEN DAYS

Send your name and address and I will send you a sample of Trout Flies FREE. Dealer in all kinds of Sporting Goods.

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Science AND Invention

Bees are attracted to flowers by the bright colors. The experiments of Miss J. Wery, a Belgian naturalist, prove that perfume has much less attraction, and that honey has none at all.

Scopolamine, the new anaesthetic from a Japanese plant, is administered by hypodermic injection and induces a deep sleep for eight or nine hours. It is claimed to have absolutely no after effects.

China has just granted its first patent. It is for an electric lamp, the inventor of which is an inhabitant of Nankin, the old capital of the Chinese empire, who calls his lamp the "bright moonlight" and asserts that it is superior to foreign glow lights that hitherto have been sold at Shanghai and other Chinese cities.

Certain French astronomers have recently come to the conclusion that the solidification of the moon extends from the surface to the center, and not, as the American scientists think, from the center to the periphery. This view would modify various existing theories. Their conclusion is drawn from the examination of photographs executed at the observatory for reproduction in the new lunar atlas.

The British postoffice has entered into an agreement with the Marconi company whereby messages are now received at any telegraph office in the United Kingdom for transmission from the wireless coast stations to ships at sea fitted out with the Marconi apparatus. The cost is sixpence a word, but no message consisting of less than twelve words is accepted, making the minimum cost for a message 6s. 6d. No one can use a wireless telegraph system in Great Britain without authorization by the postmaster-general.

A gramophone which, it is said, can be heard at a distance of three miles is a late invention. The instrument is named the aurophon and is worked by means of compressed air. This is pumped in by a small engine at a pressure which can be adjusted up to over eight pounds, through a small valve, which takes the place of the ordinary diaphragm, into the trumpet. The valve consists of a number of small slots, covered with fine comb, not unlike a mouth organ, and the vibration of this comb produces the sound. On a calm, windless day it is estimated that, with a high pressure, the record could be distinctly heard three miles away.

The ability of some of the most minute of the earth's inhabitants to produce striking changes on the face of the land, which Darwin showed was characteristic of earth worms, has recently been appealed to in attempting to account for the curious natural mounds seen in Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. The creatures to whose agency these mounds are provisionally ascribed are white ants, or termites, supposed to have abounded in the south central United States at some former period, when warmer and moister climates prevailed there. The valley consists of a number of small slots, covered with fine comb, not unlike a mouth organ, and the vibration of this comb produces the sound. On a calm, windless day it is estimated that, with a high pressure, the record could be distinctly heard three miles away.

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The Day's Need.—The day's need is that a man should think for himself, decide for himself, and greater than all, be himself.—Rev. H. F. Rail, Methodist Baltimore Md.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Plain Grubbing.—How do you account for Hustler's abounding success?

"That's easy; he never had the advantages of the ordinary boy."—Lillian State Journal.

A certain man was flirting with a certain girl. "Don't hold her hand," a friend advised him; "she'll tell."

ROOSEVELT CUTS LOOSE

Has Time of His Life in Reunion with Cowboys.

Before dinner the President held a reception, standing out under one of the big trees that line the gravel walk, says the San Antonio correspondent of the New York World. The rough riders came up one by one. The President called most of them by their first name. Occasionally he called a "Bill" a "Jim" or thought "Hank" was "Tom," but usually he knew them before they were presented to him by Lieutenant Fortescue, who stood beside him.

"Hello, Ben!" he shouted, as Ben Daniels sidled up. "If you hadn't been here I never would have forgiven you."

"Colonel," said George McCabe of Arizona, "do you remember when I stole that mess of green corn for you?" "Do I remember it?" exploded the President, slapping McCabe on the back. "Why, George, that was the best mess of green corn I ever had."

"I guess you don't remember me, do you?" asked Henry Bardhaar, of President. "It's Henry, isn't it?"

Then he turned to those around him and said: "Henry stole for me. He stole provisions from the quartermaster and one night he stole a poncho and Spanish blanket. Say, Henry, we didn't sleep that night, for it rained, but we'd have been much colder if we hadn't had the blanket and the poncho."

Several of the troopers had been waiting for a chance to make a request.

"Colonel," said one, "we've got some of our women folks here. Can we present them?"

"Present them? Well, I should say you can. Bring them up."

The ladies were brought forward—a tittering, embarrassed bunch. There were wives, daughters, mothers and sweethearts.

"Ladies," said the President, after

he had shaken hands with all of them, "you are the only ones I put before my Rough Riders."

Then he turned to the tickled men. "Boys," he continued, "I congratulate you on your good taste in selecting your wives and other female relatives. I certainly am proud of you."

Meanwhile Henry Bardhaar had been standing around, first on one foot and then on the other. The President's eye fell on him.

"By Godfrey, Henry," he said, as he wrung the trooper's hand again, "I am glad you are here. You see," he explained, "Henry was my orderly for a time, and every time I was on the firing line he was there. Every time I stood up Henry stood up, too. He seemed to think that if I got shot it was his duty to get shot, too."

There was half an hour of this sort of greeting, all personal, and then the party sat down to dinner. It was a camp dinner, cooked in camp ovens and served with camp dishes. There were a pot roast of beef, corn, peas, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee.

The President fell to with an appetite that apparently was voracious. He had two helpings of beef, and ate so much bread and butter that Secretary Loeb was obliged to replenish the plate three times.

There are finicky people, not to say, philistines, who think the word "bully" is vulgar. He said he was "bully" when a rough rider asked him how he felt, how he liked his reception, what he thought of the city, the State, the country or the universe. Everything was "bully," and so was he. He laughed like a schoolboy on vacation. He let down in every way. The sentries around the fence were deaf to the pleadings of the crowd who wanted to get in, and the President, as he said himself, "played hokey" from being President for three hours, and had the time of his life.

INDIAN TREATMENT OF SICK.

Superstitious Ceremony that Is Often a Last Resort.

The trial in the federal court of Louis Brown, charged with the murder of Walter Richardson and Moses Pettigrew, brought to light an Indian superstition that was new to many people. Several years ago, when the famous Solomon Hotem witch killing case was tried in the same court, there was considerable evidence to show the belief of the Indians in witchcraft, and the testimony in the Brown case reveals an equally weird story.

One of the witnesses testified that the homicide for which Brown was tried occurred at a "pachofsha." In answer to inquiries as to the meaning of the word it was explained that a pachofsha is a feast and a part of the incantation and superstitious ceremony conducted over the sick by the lower class of ignorant Indians.

When a man is thought to be sick enough to require the services of a doctor he is put into a hut, and for three days no one except the doctor sees him. The doctor goes into the woods and gathers herbs, from which he prepares a potion for the sick man and then keeps a lonely vigil with him. At the end of the third day, if the patient is not improved, the order is given to prepare a pachofsha. Corn and meat, either beef, pork or game, are put in a large kettle and stewed until the corn is soft.

All the relatives of the sick man are entitled to attend, and they gather around the kettle for the feast. The sick man is brought out and served first. He is fed as much as his stomach can hold, and the others then turn in and devour the remainder of the stew. When this is concluded a bonfire is built and lighted, the crowd circles around and dances to the time of a weird chant. After this, if the sick man does not show signs of getting better, nothing more is done for him, and he dies or gets well by act of Providence.—Oklahoma Times-Journal.

Prisoner Proves Up Land.

Sheriff Nelson of Green County has taken to the Kansas penitentiary John F. Yates, a farmer, for the murder of William Hughes, a wealthy cattleman, last July.

Yates was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary in the District Court at Mangum three weeks ago, says the Kansas City Journal, but was allowed to prove up his homestead and provide for his family so they could live in comfort during the three years he is in the penitentiary.

Last Saturday night Yates went to Sheriff Nelson and said he was ready to begin his sentence. He was not manacled as he rode on the train on the way to Lansing, Kan., but sat in the seat with the Sheriff as any other citizen might.

The killing of Hughes was the result of an old free-range quarrel in the new country. Yates was arrested and placed in jail. His bond was fixed at \$20,000, the judge thinking that amount would be more than would be raised in the county.

Yates was released on bond, however, before the end of the week. A group of farmers who were his friends qualified for more than twice that amount.

Judge Irwin announced the sentence, and asked Yates if he had anything to say. Yates said the sentence was just and that he would serve it.

He said, however, he lacked a short time of having proved up his home stead, and asked to be with his family two weeks longer. Judge Irwin granted the request.

Yates was then released on bond, and he was allowed to remain in jail until he could prove up his home stead. He had been in the House of Commons for two and forty years. He had married Sir Robert Peel reform the corn laws, and for more than three score years has been in

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1905.

The people of the interior of Alaska are in dead earnest in the matter of pressing the needs of their section, in congress. SENTINEL believes there is a proper way to get our needs before the lawmakers and that is by appealing to those who through business must be the friends of this northland. From a business point of view the full congressional delegation from the state of Washington must most certainly be directly interested in the development and prosperity of Alaska. It is this district that has caused, to a great extent at least, the rapid strides of Washington during the past few years, by furnishing a market for the product of the field as well as the mill. It is Washington that will profit by every step of advancement made in this district that will cause an additional demand for what they wish to sell. Hence, it seems to us, that as the interests of the two sections are so closely allied, that our people can approach the representatives of that state without any feeling of timidity, and lay before them such matters as will be instrumental in pushing us ahead, and we believe they will give ear, —not only from a reciprocal point of view, but because of their sincere friendship, as well. This is what the people of the interior are doing, and what Southeastern Alaska should do. Fairbanks has taken time by the forelock, has sent a man out to present a statement of their needs; and the delegation have met him, gave him their closest attention, and much good will result. It is several months yet until congress meets; but the work of preparation for effective effort should not be put off until the last moment. We of Wrangell want that cable line extended; we want a channel cut through the Dry Straits; we want a modification of the game laws; we want the hard-worked logger to pursue his labor without being burdened with an additional tax of 15c. per 1,000 or any other amount; we have other needs, and the proper thing to do is to move—not after congress meets, but now!

The Indian Problem.

BY HARRY P. CORSEN.

Is there an Indian problem in Alaska? Most emphatically, yes! A look at most of the ledgers kept by our business men, will reveal a condition. There is in them an evidence of debt, debt, debt. In many cases the amounts are surprisingly high. Further, sad to relate, the conditions do not materially improve as we examine the accounts of most of those who come from our Indian schools. Boys and girls come from the schools with a smattering of white man's ways and education, but not enough to make it possible for them to compete with the white man in his occupations.

The jails also reveal another sad condition. There are altogether too many Indians in our jails.—The number there is far out of proportion to the Indian population. Of course, we will admit that many times an Indian is put in jail when a white man for the same offense is allowed to go free. Possibly this is due to the fact that the members of one race are always more ready to see faults in members of other races than in themselves; but in spite of all this there are too many criminals among the Indians.

What are the reasons for these conditions? Why is it that so many Indians are not meeting successfully the demands of civilization upon them? The first reason is due to a condition which the writer observed among the coal miners of Pennsylvania. The company stores there would trust the miners, allowing them not only to mortgage their month's wages, but to mortgage the wages of many months ahead. The result was that miners often said: "What is the use of my saving or being economical? I can get what I want at the company store, whether I have the money or not." Has it been

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750 miles from Seattle. Population 800. Delightful climate both winter and summer. 30,000 per day saw mill; electric lights; 11 stores; fine schools; good churches. The town of totem poles. At the mouth of the Stikine River. Boats leave here for Telegraph Creek; also for West Coast Prince of Wales points.

far different with the Indians? The store that indiscriminately trusts the Indian not only injures itself by piling up its bad accounts, but is doing the Indian a material and moral injury.

The next reason why so many Indians fail is Indian graft. Jamaica ginger selling, boot legging, and other forms of Indian graft, have done much to keep the Indian down. Enforce the law in spirit and letter, which stops graft.

The third reason why we have an Indian question, is the Indian school. Nothing has been more noble than the motive back of the Indian school. But has the Indian school served its purpose? Has the Indian been taught those things which will better prepare him to earn his living in the country where his home is? Has he been taught how to log, how to handle engines and other machinery that is used in Alaska? Has he been taught boat-building? Has he been taught the best methods of handling and curing fish? Has he been taught how to handle and utilize the deer skins, so that they would not be thrown away as they are now? The answer in most every instance is, "No!" What is true about the large schools is much more true about the local schools. The government is about to erect a number of new school buildings in Alaska. What good will they do, unless there is a more thorough study of what an Indian school should be? It is an interesting fact that in the twenty years of Indian schools in Alaska, there has not been a time in which the Indian school teachers have been called together to consult about the better methods of doing their work. There has been no progress in the Indian schools.

There is a need of more efficient management, and the citizens of Wrangell should not fail to call Mr. Churchill's attention to this, when he visits Wrangell this Fall. The Indian school question is one of the matters that he has been sent by the President to investigate, and let there be a united effort to bring the needs of the Indian before him.

Talk about the Dry Straits.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 1905. Sealed Proprietary for the construction of schoolhouses at Klawock, Wrangell, and Jackson, Southeastern Alaska, for teachers' residences at Klawock, Prince of Wales, and Sitka, Alaska, and for schoolhouses for schoolhouses with teacher's residences attached, at Deering, on the Arctic Coast, and Haines and Kake, in Southeastern Alaska. Proprietary received at the U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C., June 10, 1905, and will be opened immediately thereafter, in the presence of such bidders as may desire to attend. Blank form of proposal, including specifications, will be furnished to application to the Department, or to the Commissioner of Education, where drawings showing details may be inspected. Plans and specifications may be obtained and obtained from Prof. Wm. A. Kelly, at Sitka, Alaska; at Juneau and Douglas from Livingston F. Jones, of Juneau; and from the respective U. S. Commissioners at Ketchikan, Wrangell, Skagway, Seward, and Valdez, Alaska, May 22. E. A. HITCHCOCK, Secretary.

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